

Scorched Earth by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Flashbang, that's a photo op
My shooters take you out the fucking picture like a Photoshop
A thousand knives coming at you, that's a Sakamoto shot
The 93-R machine pistol that'll Robocop
Three round burst mode, blow your fucking fingers off
Lights out, black ski mask, and the ringer off
Action and reaction, akhi, I don't even think at all
The cuete out of Italy, the 'caine is out of Singapore
Y'all know I'm never running out of ammo
The yoppa keep spitting like somebody chew tobacco
Screwface, ox under the tongue, I'm a wacko
Sentence you to death, blood feud, and I'm Draco
That's the sound of the machete chop
Beat a motherfucker til his eye end up like Fetty Wap
I had motherfuckers going south for the birds
Y'all ain't doing nothing, actions speak louder than words

[Interlude: Estee Nack]

And my word stay bond son. You know what I'm sayin'? Bond is life and I give my life before my words,
y'all feel that? Yo, so listen

[Verse 2: Estee Nack]

I smoke flavors of shorty listening to La India
Works for Rodriguez, stand to settle within
Handle beamers, fully automatic Beretta Ninas
Arenas, the work is genius, only respect the seniors
Señore, smoke oil, sniff it into Pyrex
Double the grind ax, dump the beamer, slip into Fylex
Strip you suplex, my n****a you guessed it, who protest it
True to the Est, it's beautiful, precious
Get it moving in Venice to Budapest, I'm moving and flexing
The music masses from the prisons to the pazzes
Endless, infinite mental, magnetics, molecular measurements
True living god in the flesh, no beginning, no ending
The Ford is a death deficit
Yo, it ain't even a question of whether I'm still in the streets

Definite

[Verse 3: Jay Royale]

I got heathens to make the beef broil

Your arms too weak for the recoil

Throw you to the wolves and they feast on you

I can sick the streets on you, it's only beats you can feed me with

Shit get thick, approach your whip with a stick like a Squeegee

When you cross paths with trigger bullets, it's rigor mortis

The brick's enormous, from long range can flip a walrus

Burn shit up like incinerators pushing pen and paper

Fuck around and split your chin with a razor

It's critical slander, I'm sick with spitting the grammar

I can regenerate a limb like (?)

Let's switch the agenda, cold and blistering winds in the winter

Release the fire and pen at your brain with the Kimber

It's target practice for you novice rappers

Guaranteed to leave 'em slumped when I dump the automatic

Amityville with the mic handling skills

Can chew through turnbuckles like George Animal Steele